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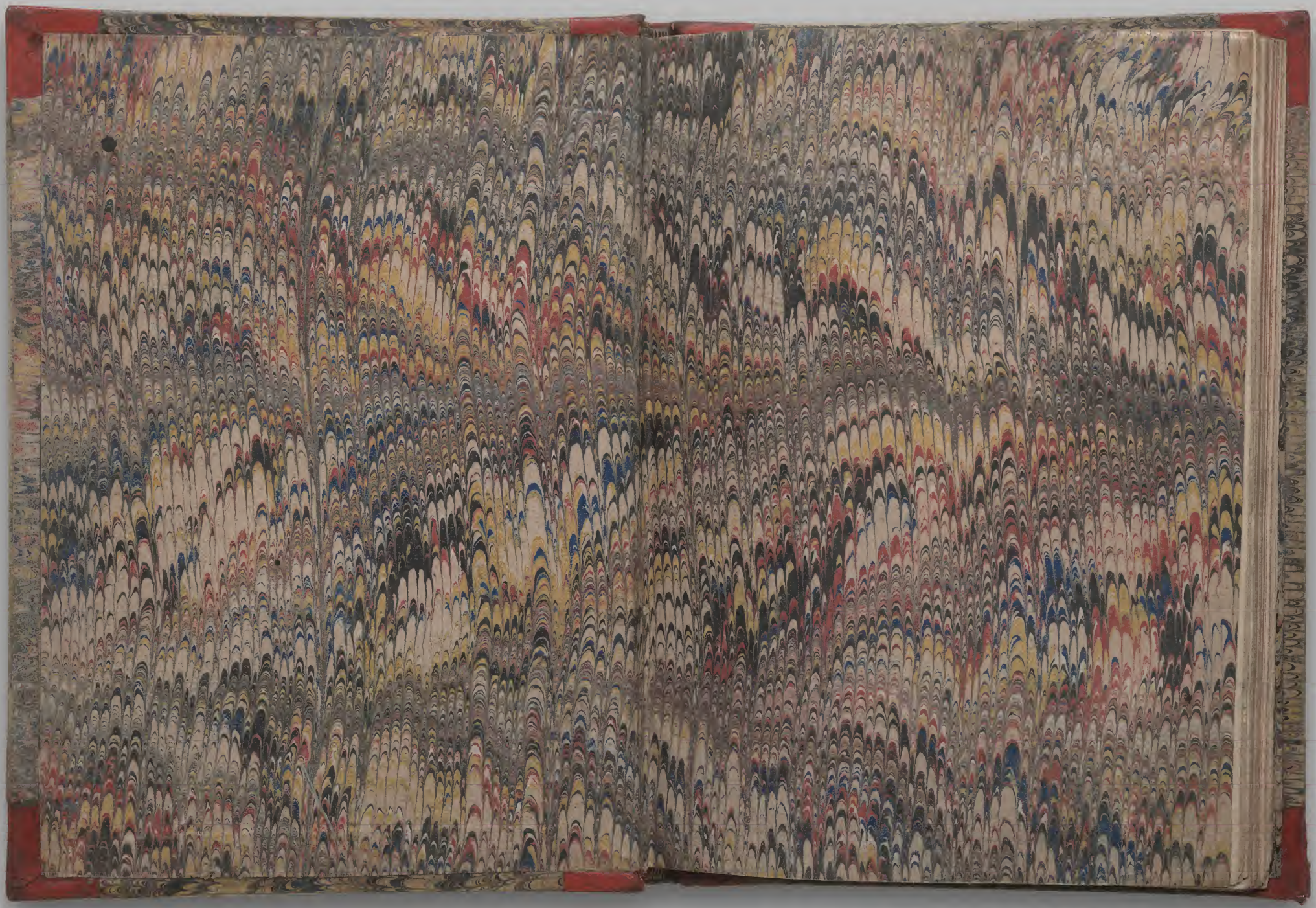

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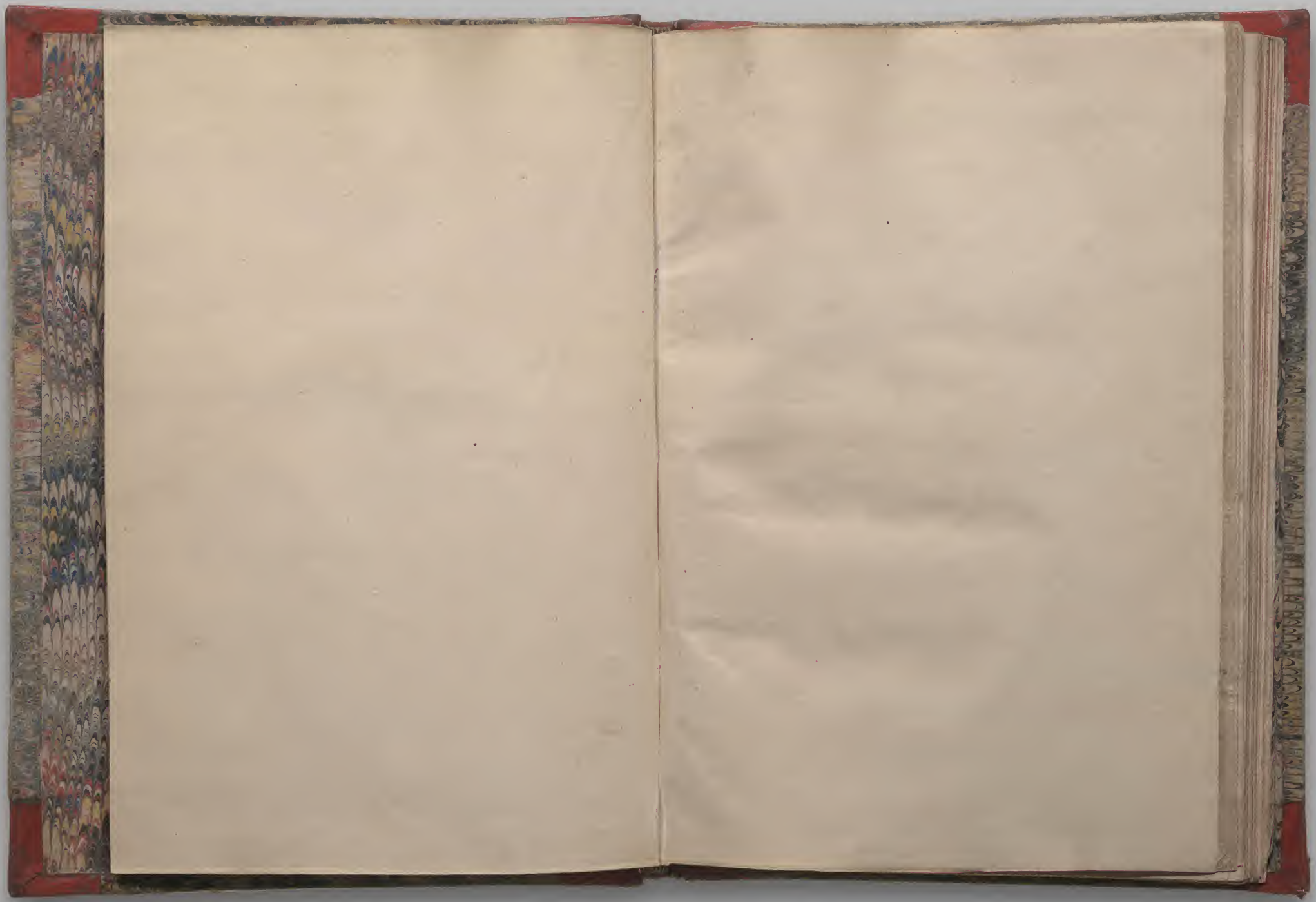

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Shakespeare (W.)
C 12 g 13

THE Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, LANCASTER and YORKE.

With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the sixt.*

Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shake-speare*, Gent.

Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

2104

The first part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke *Humfrey*.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humfrey Duke of Glocester, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Bewford, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marques of Suffolke, and Queen Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the ancient famous Citty Towers,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Cyssile*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Britaine*, and *Alonson*.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and twenty reuerend Byshops,
I did performe my taske, and was espousd,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene
Vnto your gracious Excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marqueese gaue,
The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

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King. Suffolke arise.
Welcome Queene *Margaret* to Englifh Henries Court,
The greateft fhew of kindneffe yet we can beftow,
Is this kinde kiffe: O gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankefulneffe,
For in this beauteous face thou haft beftowd
A world of pleafures to my perplexed foule.
Queene. Th'exceffiue loue I beare vnto your Grace,
Forbids me to be lauifh of my tongue,
Leaft I fhould fpeake more then beeemes a woman:
Let this fuffice, my blifffe is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miferable,
Vnleffe the frowne of mighty Englands king.
King. Her lookes did wound, but now her fpeech doth pierce
Louely Queene Margaret fit downe by my fide:
And Vnkle Gloffter, and you Lorldly Peeres,
With one voyce welcome my beloued Queene.
All. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happineffe.
Queene. VVe thanke you all. *Sound trumpets*
Suffolke. My Lord Protector, fo it pleafe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles confirmd, of peace
Betweene our Soueraigne and the *French* king *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expir'd.
Hum. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French king *Charles* and *William de la Pole* Marqueffe of *Suffolke*, Embaffador for *Henry* king of England, that the faide *Henry* fhal wed & efpouſe the Lady *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyffels*, and *Ierufalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirty day of the next month.
Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutcheffe of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, fhall be releafed and deliuered ouer to the King her fa———
Duke Humfrey lets it fall.
King. How now vnckle, whats the matter that you ſtay ſo ſodainly.
Hum. Pardon my Lord, a ſodaine qualme came ore my heart, which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

My

My Lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on.
Yorke. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutcheſſe of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, ſhall bee releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and ſhe ſent ouer of the king of Englands owne proper coſt and charges, without dowry.
King. They pleaſe vs well, Lord Marqueſſe kneele downe: we heere create thee firſt Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the ſword. Coſin of Yorke, wee heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.
Thankes vnckle *Wincheſter*, *Gloſter*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Somerſet*, *Salisbury*, and *Warwicke*.
We thanke you for all this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be performd.
Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, & Duke Humphrey ſtayes all the reſt.
Hum. Braue Peeres of England, pillers of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* muſt vnfold his greefe;
What did my brother *Henry* toile himſelfe,
And waſte his ſubiects for to conquer *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* ſpend his time,
To keepe in awe that ſtout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* heere,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then ſpent quite in vaine?
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Dutcheſſe of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage, cancelling our ſtates,
Reuerſing monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.
Card. Why how now coſin Gloſter, what needs this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I ſee,

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The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy Soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my Lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying Ieſus bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Coſin of Somerſet be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somer. Thankes coſin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his ſeate.
Buck. Content, come then let vs about it ſtraight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilſt theſe do ſeeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs ſeeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I ſeene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forſweare himſelfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Coſine

Coſin *Yorke*, the victories thou haſt wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praiſe in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant ſonne,
Thy ſimple plainneſſe and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath won thee credit amongſt the common ſort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good duke *Humfrey* may his ſtate poſſeſſe,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble ſonne.
War. For greefe that all is loſt that *Warwicke* won,
Sonnes. Anioy and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & muſt that then which we wonne
with our ſwords, be giuen away with words.
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were wont to haue
large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-
way his owne.
Salſ. Come ſonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is loſt,
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will vvin from France, or elſe bee ſlaine.

Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. Anioy and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold nevves for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.
A day will come when *Yorke* ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a while till time doe ſerue,

Watch

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Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Till *Henry* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raiſe aloft the milke-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the ayre ſhall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath Puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Ellanor, Cobham his wife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,
What ſeeſt thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too ſhort,
Mine ſhall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?
Then what ſhouldſt thou lacke that might content thy minde?

Hum. My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,
To thinke of treaſons gainſt my Soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

Elnor. What dreamt my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it: and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my ſtaffe, mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot geſſe:
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tuſh

Elnor. Tuſh my Lord, this ſignifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall for the offence make forfet of his head.
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamt,
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Weſtminſter, and ſeated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,
Stood ready to ſet it on my Princely head.

Hum. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not ſecond woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife? belou'd of him?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treaſon thus?
Away I ſay, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue
Ile keepe it to my ſelfe, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no ſuch things.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. And it pleaſe your Grace, the King and Queen to morrow morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones, & craues your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am ſure.

Exit Humfrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make ſome hop headleſſe.
And being but a woman, ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in ſpite of all that ſeek to croſſe me thus:
Who is within there?

Enter ſir Iohn Hum.

What Sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

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Sir Iohn. Ieſus preſerue your Maieſty.

Elnor. My Maieſty: why man, I am but Grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces ſtate ſhall be aduanc'd ere long.

Elnor. What, haſt thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the reſt? and will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madam, and they haue promiſed me to raiſe a ſpirit from depth of vnder ground, that ſhall tell your Grace all queſtions you demand.

Elnor. Thankes good ſir *Iohn*.
Some two dayes hence I geſſe will fit our time,
Then ſee that they be heere:
For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.
When they be gone, then ſafely may they come,
And on the backe ſide of my Orchard heere,
There caſt their Spelles in ſilence of the night,
And ſo reſolue vs of the thing we wiſh;
Till when, drinke that for my ſake, and ſo farewell.

Exit Elanor.

Sir Iohn. Now ſir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you muſt ſilent be:
Theſe gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The Dutcheſſe ſhe thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue Gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to ſet her on,
To plot theſe treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres;
And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I muſt not ſay ſo,
That by my meanes muſt worke the Dutcheſſe fall,
Who now by Coniurations thinkes to riſe.
But whiſt ſir *Iohn*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you loſe your head before you go. *Exit*

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.

1. *Petit.* Come ſirs lets linger here abouts a while,
Vntill

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may ſhew his Grace our ſeuerall cauſes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God ſaue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no ſuccour in the Court.
But ſee where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for Duke Humfrey, and giues him their writings.

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

Queene. Now good-fellows, whom would you ſpeak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it pleaſe your Maieſtie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

Qu. Are your ſuites to his Grace? Let vs ſee them firſt,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A Complaint againſt the Cardinals man.
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath ſtole away my wife,
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

Suff. Hath he ſtole thy wife? that's ſome iniury indeede.
But what ſay you?

Peter Thumpe. Marry ſir I come to tell you, that my Mayſter ſaide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and that the King was an vſurer.

Queene. An vſurper thou wouldſt ſay.

Peter. I forſooth, an vſurper.

Queene. Didſt thou ſay the King was an vſurper?

Peter. No forſooth, I ſaide my maiſter ſaide ſo, th'other day when wee were ſcowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our Garret.

Suf. I marry, this is ſomething like,
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him cloſe,

And

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And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

Exit with the Armorers man.

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's heere?
A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1. *Petit.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Messenger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the Papers.

Suffolke. So now shew your petitions to Duke *Humfrey*.
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus?

Exit Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap to speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troope of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court take her for Queene:
She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greefe of minde belike to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladies hearts in France,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suff. Madam, content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming into England,

So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humfrey* and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will entangle them,
As that your Grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But stay Madame, heere comes the King.

Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him: Then entereth Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke* or *Somerset*, all's one to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himselfe,
Ler *Somerset* enioy his place, and go to Fraunce.

Som. Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whomsoeuer you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Card. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speake.

War. The Cardnal's not my better in the fielde.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset* were Regent ouer France.

Hum. Madame, our King is olde enough himselfe,
To giue his answer without your consent.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.

Hum. Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,
And when it please his Grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since thou wast a King
(As who is King but thee:) the common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath beene spent.
And as for the Regentship of France,

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I ſay *Somerſet* is more worthy then *Yorke*.
Yorke, Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,
Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.
War. And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.
Suf. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke*.
War. Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I peace?
Suf. Becauſe heere is a man accuſde of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himſelfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it pleaſe your Grace, this fellow here, hath accuſed his maſter of high Treaſon, and his wordes were theſe: That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace was an vſurper.
Yorke. I beſeech your Grace let him haue what punniſhment the Law will affoord for his villany.
King. Come hither fellow, didſt thou ſpeake theſe words?
Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your worſhip, I neuer ſayde any ſuch matter, God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accuſed by this villen heere.
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did ſay ſo.
Yorke. I beſeech your Grace, let him haue the Law.
Armorer, Alas maſter, hang me if euer I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he wuuld be euen with mee: I haue good witneſſe of this, and therefore I beſeech your worſhip do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villaines accuſation.
King. Vncle Gloſter, what do you thinke of this?
Hum. The law my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With *Eben* ſtaues and Sandbags, combatting
In Smithfield, before your royall Maieſty. *Exit Humfrey.*
Armour. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter

Peter. Alaſſe my Lord, I am not able for to fight.
Suf. You muſt either fight ſirra, or elſe be hang'd:
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exit with them.*

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutcheſſe of Gloſter, a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not ſee?
Shee ſtrikes her.
I cry you mercy Madam, I did miſtake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.
Elnor. Did you not proud French-woman?
Could I come neere your dainty viſage with my nayles,
I'de ſet my ten command'ments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Auut,
It was againſt her will.
Elnor. Againſt her will. Good King ſhee'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,
But let it reſt: as ſure as I do liue,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd.
Exit Elnor.
King. Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame:
I would not for a thouſand pounds of Gold,
My Noble Vnckle had beene heere in place.

Enter Duke Humfrey.

But ſee where he comes: I am glad he met her not.
Vnkle Gloſter, what anſwer makes your Grace,
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinkes your Grace is meeteſt for to ſend.
Hum. My gracious Lord, then this is my reſolue,
For that theſe words the Armourer ſhould ſpeake,
Doth breede ſuſpition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerſet be Regent ore the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himſelfe.
King. Then be it ſo, my Lord of Somerſet,
We make your Grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our right 'gainſt forraine foes,

And

And ſo do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make haſt my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.
Somer. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to France.
Exit Somerſet.
King. Come Vnkle Gloſter, now let's haue our horſe,
For we will to Saint *Albones* preſently,
Madam your Hawke they ſay is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Elanor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.

Elnor. Heere ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aske,
And I will ſtand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the ſpirit what it ſayes to you:
And to my queſtions, write the anſwers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.
Sir Iohn. Now ſirs begin, and caſt your ſpels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe askes.
Witch. Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,
Do talke and whiſper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
Shee lyes downe vpon her face.
Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.
Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the ſilence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in helliſh troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Soſetus* Lake,
The ſpirit *Aſcalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Aſcalon

Aſcalon, Aſſenda, aſſenda.
It Thunders and Lightens, and then the ſpirite riſeth vp.
ſpirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldſt thou haue me doe?
Bullen. Firſt of the King, what ſhall become of him?
ſpirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Bullen. What fate awaites the Duke of *Suffolke*.
ſpirit. By water ſhall he die, and take his end.
Bullen. What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?
ſpirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles, ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines, then where Caſtles mounted ſtand:
Now queſtion me no more, for I muſt hence againe.
He ſinkes downe againe.
Bullen. Then downe I ſay, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
Riding amidſt the ſindg'd and parched ſmoakes,
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stix:
There howle and burne for euer in thoſe flames,
Riſe *Iourdaine* riſe, and ſtay thy charming Spels.
Zounds, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.
Yorke. Come ſirs, lay hands on them, and binde them ſure.
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treaſons thus with Coniurers,
The King ſhall haue notice of this thing.
Exit Elnor aboue.
Buck. See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ.
Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile ſhew it to the King:
Go ſirs, ſee them faſt lockt in priſon.
Exit with them.
Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go poſte vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.
Yorke. Content. Away then, about it ſtraight.

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Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whoſe within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to ſup with me to night. *Exit Yorke.*

One. I will my Lord, *Exit.*

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fiſt, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this laſt flight?
But as I caſt her off the winde did riſe,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in theſe ſilly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloſter, how hye your hawke did ſore,
And on a ſodaine ſouc'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it pleaſe your Maieſty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre ſo well,
They know their maſter ſores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a baſe minde,
That ſores no higher then a bird can ſore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to ſmoothe it thus with King and Gommonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men ſo hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing ſo good a quarrell, and ſo bad a cauſe?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorſhip.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy inſolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloſter.

King. Ceaſe gentle Queene, and whette not on theſe furious Lords to wrath, for bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector with my ſword.

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou dar'ſt.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Prieſt, Plantagenets could neuer brook the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and ſonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Hum. In baſtardy.

Card: I ſcorne thy words.

Hum: Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne perſon meete me at the Eaſt end of the groue.

Card: Here's my hand, I will.

King: Why how now Lords?

Card, Faith Coſin Gloſter, had not your man caſt off ſo ſoone, we had had more ſport to day, Come with thy ſword and Buckler.

Hum: Gods mother Prieſt Ile ſhaue your crowne.

Card: Protector, protect thy ſelfe well.

King The winde growes high, ſo doth your choller Lords.

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.

How now? Now ſirra, what miracle is it?

One. And it pleaſe your Grace, there is a man that came blind to S. Albones, and hath receiued his ſight at the ſhrine.

King Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Muſicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire

King: Thou happy man, giue God eternall praiſe,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where waſt thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* pleaſe your Maieſty in the North.

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Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.
Poore man. I ſir, it was told me in my ſleepe,
That ſweete Saint Albones ſhould giue me my ſight againe.
Hum. What are lame too?
P.man. I indeede ſir, God helpe me.
Hum. How camſt thou lame?
P. man. With falling off a plum tree.
Hum. Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?
P. man. Neuer but once ſir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.
Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?
P.man. I truly ſir.
Woman. I indeed ſir, he was borne blinde.
Hum. What art thou his mother?
Woman. His wife ſir.
Hum. Hadſt thou beene his mother,
Thou couldſt haue better tolde.
Why let me ſee, I thinke thou canſt not ſee yet.
P.man. Yes truly maſter, as cleare as day.
Hum. Sayſt thou ſo: what colour's his cloake?
P. man, Red maſter, as red as blood.
Hum. And his cloake?
P.man. Why that's greene.
Hum. And what colour's his hoſe?
P. man. Yellow maſter, yellow as gold.
Hum. And what colour's my Gowne?
P.man. Blacke ſir, as blacke as Iet.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.
Suf. And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer ſee.
Hum. But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me ſirra, what's my name?
P.man. Alas maſter I know not.
Hum. What's his name?
P.man. I know not.
Hum. Nor his?
P.man. No truly ſir.
Hum. Nor his name?

P.man. No indeede maſter.
Hum. Whats thine owne name?
P.man. Sander, and it pleaſe you maiſter.
Hum. Then Sander ſit there, the lyingeſt knaue in Chriſtendom. If thou hadſt bene borne blinde, thou mightſt aſwel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the ſeuerall colours wee do weare. Sight may diſtinguiſh of colours, but ſodainly to nominate them all, it is impoſſible. My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could reſtore this Cripple to his legs againe.
P, man. Oh maſter I would you could.
Hum. My Maſters of S. Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Hum. Then ſend for one preſently.
Maior. Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight. *Exit one.*
Hum. Now fetch me a ſtoole hither by and by.
Now ſirra, if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this ſtoole, and runne away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. man. Alas maſter I am not able to ſtand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Hum. VVell ſir, we muſt haue you finde your legges.
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that ſame ſtoole.
Beadle. I will my Lord, come on ſirra, off with your Doublet quickly.
Poore man. Alas maſter what ſhall I do, I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the ſtoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
Maior. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exit Mayor.*
Suf. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,

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He hath made the blinde to ſee, and halt to goe.
Humph. I, but you did greater wonders, whē you made whole Dukedomes flye in a day.
Witneſſe France.
King. Haue done I ſay, and let me heare no more of that.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

What newes brings Duke *Humfrey* of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Ill newes for ſome my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame *Elnor* our Protectors Wife,
Hath plotted Treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres,
By witchcrafts, ſorceries, and coniurings,
Who by ſuch meanes did raiſe a ſpirit vp,
To tell her what hap ſhould betide the State,
But ere they had finiſht their diuelliſh drift,
By *Yorke* and my ſelfe they were all ſurprizde,
And heeres the anſwere the diuell did make to them.
King. First of the King, what ſhall become of him?
Reads. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
Yet him out-liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water ſhall he die and take his end.
Suffolke. By water muſt the Duke of *Suffolke* die?
It muſt be ſo, or elſe the diuell doth lie.
King. Let *Somerſet* ſhun Caſtles,
For ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Card. Heeres good ſtuffe, how now my Lord Protector,
This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle ſcarſely keepe your promiſe.
Humph. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my greefe,
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
For heere I ſweare vnto your Maieſty,
That I am guiltleſſe of theſe hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falſly done,
And for ſhe would betray her ſoueraigne Lord,
I heere renounce her from my bed and boord,

And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnleſſe ſhe cleare her ſelfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords, this night weele lodge in S. *Albones*,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmoſt of theſe treaſons forth,
Come vnckle Gloſter along with vs,
My minde doth tell me thou art innocent.

Exit omnes.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Saliſbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. My Lords, our ſimple ſupper ended thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,
The right and title of the houſe of Yorke
To Englands Crowne by lineall deſent.
War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy ſubiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords,
Edward the third had ſeuen ſonnes,
The firſt was *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Prince of *Wales*.
The ſecond was *William* of *Hatfield*,
Who dyed young.
The third was *Lyonell*, Duke of *Clarence*.
The fourth was *Iohn of Gaunt*,
The Duke of *Lancaſter*.
The fift was *Edmund of Langley*,
Duke of Yorke.
The ſixt was *William of Windſore*,
Who dyed young.
The ſeauenth and laſt was Sir *Thomas of Woodſtocke*, Duke of *Yorke*.
Now *Edward* the blacke Prince dyed before his Father, leauing behinde him two ſonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angoleſme*, who died young, and *Richard* that was after crowned King, by the name of *Richard* the ſecond, who dyed without an heyre.

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Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlſter: and ſo by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, third ſonne to Edward the third. Now ſir, in time of Richards reigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, ſonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter fourth ſonne to Edward the third, he claim'd the Crowne, depoſd the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomfret Caſtle harmeleſſe Richard was ſhamefully murthered, and ſo by Richards death came the houſe of Lancaſter vnto the Crowne.

Sal. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard in the reigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owen Glendour had bene King.

Yorke. True: but ſo it fortuned then, by meanes of that monſtrous rebell Glendour, the noble Duke of Yorke was putte to death, and ſo euer ſince the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue poſſeſſed the Crowne. But if the iſſue of the elder ſhould ſucceed before the iſſue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the Kingdome.

Warwicke. VVhat proceedings can be more plain, he claimes it from Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth ſonne. So that till Lionels iſſue failes, his ſhould not reigne. It fayles not yet, but flouriſheth in thee and in thy ſonnes, braue ſlips of ſuch a ſtocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, & in this priuate place, be we the firſt to honour him with birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this ſword be ſheathed euen in the hart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.

War. Then Yorke aduiſe thy ſelfe, and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and ſet thy ſtandard vp,
And in the ſame aduance the milke-white Roſe,
And then to guard it, will I rowſe the Beare,
Enuiron'd with ten thouſand Ragged ſtaues,
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,

Mauger the proudeſt Lord of *Henries* blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of *Yorke*,
For why, my minde preſageth I ſhall liue
To ſee the noble Duke of *Yorke* to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble *Warwicke*, and *Yorke* doth hope to ſee,
The Earle of *Warwicke* liue, to bee the greateſt man in England, but the King. Come lets goe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King Henry and the Queene, Duke Humfrey, the Duke of Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Dutches of *Gloſter*, and heare the ſentence pronounced againſt thee for theſe treaſons, that thou haſt committed gainſt Vs, our State and Peeres.

Firſt for thy hainous crime, thou ſhalt two dayes in London do pennance barefoot in the ſtreetes, with a white ſheete about thy body, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou ſhalt be baniſhed for euer into the Iſle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our ſentence irreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exit ſome with Elnor.

King. Greeue not noble Vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that theſe treaſons thus are come to light,
Leaſt God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldſt ſo deare.

Humph. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue a while,
To leaue your Grace, and to depart away,
For ſorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to ſwell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnckle, whē you pleaſe
Yet ere thou goeſt, *Humfrey* reſigne thy ſtaffe,
For *Henry* will be no more protected,
The Lord ſhall be my guide both for my land and me.

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Hum. My ſtaffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My ſtaffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloſter.*

Queene. Take vp the ſtaffe, for heere it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your Grace doth pleaſe.

King. Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſandbag faſtened to it, and at the other doore his man with a drum and ſandbag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1 *Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke and be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.

Peter. I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And Will thou ſhalt haue my apeme: and heere Tom,

Take

Take all the money that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much fence already.

Salis. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirra, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter forſooth.

Salſ. Peter: what more?

Pet. Thumpe.

Salſ. Thumpe, then ſee that thou thumpe thy maiſter.

Arm. Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am come hither as it were of my mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, and Peter a knaue: and ſo haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon Aſcapart.

Pet. Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

Alarmes, Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

Arm. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, Treaſon, treaſon. *He dies.*

Pet. O God I giue thee praiſe. *He kneels downe*

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God ſaue the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Hum. Sirra, what's a clocke?

Seruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.

Hum. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandering in the ſtreets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,

When

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When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verſes written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.

Serving. My gracious Lord, ſee wher my Lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?
Humph. I charge you for your liues ſtir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they ſhould.
Elnor. Come you my Lord to ſee my open ſhame?
Ah *Gloſter*, now thou doſt penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their ſights,
And in thy pent vp ſtudy rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to eaſe thy heart.
Elnor. Ah Gloſter, teach me to forget my ſelfe,
For whilſt I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthleſſe flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I ſtart, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduiſed how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in ſhame, with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloſter, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile ſay I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But ſo he rulde, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I his fore-lorne Dutcheſſe
Was led with ſhame, and made a laughing ſtocke,
To euery idle raſcald follower.
Humfrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldſt thou haue me do?

Should I attempt to reſcue thee from hence,
I ſhould incurre the danger of the law,
And thy diſgrace would not be ſhaddowed ſo.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and ſtir not at my diſgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As ſhortly ſure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him ſo, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lymde buſhes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I ſummon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parlament, holden at S. *Edmonds-Bury*, the firſt of the next Month.
Hum. A Parliament, and our conſent neuer craude
Therein before. This is ——— ——— ———
Well, we will be there. *Exit Herald.*
Maſter Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my Lady, then the courſe of law extends.
Sher. Pleaſe it your Grace, my office here doth end,
And I muſt deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*.
To be conducted into the Iſle of Man.
Humfrey. Muſt you ſir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?
Standly. I my gracious Lord, for ſo it is decreed,
And I am ſo commanded by the King.
Humph. I pray you ſir *Iohn*, vſe her nere the worſe,
In that I intreate you to vſe her well.
The world may ſmile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And ſo ſir *Iohn* farewell.
Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewel
Humph. Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake

Exit Humfrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloſter gone,
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forſake me too?
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands bounds,
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haſte away.

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Standly. Madam let's go vnto ſome houſe heereby,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.
Elnor Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with caſting off my ſheete:
But come let vs go, maſter Sheriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

Exit omnes

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

King. I wonder our Vnkle Gloſter ſtayes ſo long.
Queene. Can you not ſee? or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath beene, but now the time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humfrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
Yet he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troopes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humfrey,
Honouring him as if he were their King?
Gloſter is no little man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtirre commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call't a Womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my allegations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
Suf. Well hath your Grace foreſeene into that Duke,
And if I had beene licenc'd firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces tale.
Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.

No,

No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloſter is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

Enter the Duke of Somerſet.

King. Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territories
Is ouercome my Lord; all is loſt.
King. Cold newes indeede Lord Somerſet,
but Gods will bee done.
Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

Enter Duke Humfrey.

Hum. Pardon my Liege, that I haue ſtaide ſo long.
Suf. Nay Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high Treaſon heere.
Hum. Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accuſers?
Yorke. Tis thoght my lord your grace took bribes from Frãce,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their pay,
Through which his Maieſty hath loſt all France.
Hum. Is it but thought ſo? And who are they that thinke ſo?
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for England ſtill,
That peny that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.
I neuer rob'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper coſt
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,
Becauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorſhip you did deuiſe
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.
Hum. Why tis well knowne, that whilſt I was Protector
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer or foule felonious Theefe,

That

That robs and murders ſilly paſſengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.
Suff. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon heere,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
King. Good vncle obey to his arreſt,
I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Hum. Ah gracious *Henry*, theſe dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King *Henries* ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
Suffolkes hateſull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fiery eyes ſhewes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious Lady and ſoueraigne Miſtreſſe,
Cauſleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes enough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suff. Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignominious wrong,
Had ſuborn'd or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Hum. Far truer ſpoke then meant, I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
Buck. Heele wreſt the ſence, and keepe vs here al day
My Lord of Winchester, ſee him ſent away.
Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.
Hum. Oh, thus King *Henry* caſts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhall bite him firſt,
Farwell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.
Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.
King. My Lords, what to your wiſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt
Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were heere.
Qu. What, wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
King. I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with griefe,
Wheere I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.
Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.
Qu. Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham Yorke and *Somerſet.*
Let vs conſult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafety of our King and Common-wealth.
Suf. And ſo thinke I Madam, for as you know,
If our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humfrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the Lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.
Yorke. No, let him die, in that he is a Fox,
Leaſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
Suff. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Qu. How now ſirrha, what newes?

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Meſſen. Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale.
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they go.
Qu. What redreſſe ſhall we haue for this, My Lords?
Yorke. 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue loſt his life, before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue gouern'd worſe then I.
Yorke. What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.
Queen. Somerſet forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Iriſh that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,
And Yorke ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.
Queen. Yorke thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leuie ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Iriſh Rebels.
But Yorke, where ſhall thoſe Soldiors ſtay for thee?
Yorke. At Briſtow, I'le expect them ten daies hence.
Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.
Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queen. Suffolke, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
T'were good that you did ſee to it in time,

Come

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.
Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.
Yorke. Now Yorke bethinke thy ſelfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilſt it is offered thee ſo faire,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilſt I am buſie in Ireland,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
To raiſe commotion, and by that meanes
I ſhall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and houſe of Yorke,
Then if he haue ſucceſſe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,
Now if he ſhould be taken and condemn'd,
Hee'l nere confeſſe that I did ſet him on,
And therefore ere I go ile ſend him word,
To put in practiſe and to gather head,
That ſo ſoone as I am gone he may begin
To riſe in armes with troopes of country ſwaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprize.
And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,
None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame, and headlong pull them downe.
Exit Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humfrey is diſcouered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.
Suff. How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?
One I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.
Suff. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmoothe about him ſtill,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

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2. All things is handſome now my Lord.
Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.
Exit murtherers.
Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerſet, and the Cardinall.
King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himſelfe.
Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*
K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainſt our vnckle,
Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme:
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe Lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our State.
Enter Suffolke.
How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Gloſters dead.
The King fals in a ſound.
Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.
Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can ſatisfie my greefes, or eaſe my heart?
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits:
Yet do not goe. Come Baſiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had beſt ſay that I did murther him.
King. Ah woe is me for wretched Gloſters death.
Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frõ Englãds bounds?
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds ſaid, Seeke not a ſcorpions neſt.
Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbury.
War. My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hiue of Bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they report
To be murthered by *Suffolke* and the Cardinall heere.
King. That he is dead good Warwicke, is too true,
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.
War. Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view the body.
Good father ſtay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
Salisb. I will ſonne. *Exit Salisbury*
Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and ſhewes Duke Humfrey in his bed.
King. Ah Vnkle Gloſter, heauen receiue thy ſoule,
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art gone.
War. Now by his ſoule that tooke our ſhape vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curſe,
I am reſolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.
Suf. A dreadfull oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue,
What inſtance giues Lord *Warwicke* for theſe words?
War. Oft haue I ſeene a timely parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, pale and bloodleſſe;
But loe the blood is ſetled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and ſterne,
His fingers ſpred abroad as one that graſpt for life,
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſd, the leaſt of theſe are probable,
It cannot chooſe but he was murthered.
Qu. Suffolke, and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I truſt ſir, are no murtherers.
War. I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well ſeene he found ſome enemies.
Card. But haue ye no greater proofes then theſe?
War. Who ſees a heyfer dead and bleeding freſh,

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And ſees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes neſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte ſore with vnbloody beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.
Qu. Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?
Suffolke. I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull ſword ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers Criminſon badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.
War. Madam be ſtill, with reuerence may I ſay it,
That euery word you ſpeake in his defence,
Is ſlander to your royall Maieſty.
Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some ſterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble ſtocke
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathſman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames;
And that my ſoueraignes preſence makes mee mute,
I would falſe murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meantſt:
That thou thy ſelfe was borne in baſtardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue

Giue thee thy hire, and ſend thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.
Suf. Thou ſhouldſt be waking whilſt I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dare go with mee.
War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Suff. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of Salisburie.

Salisb. My Lord, the Commons ſends you word by me,
That vnleſſe falſe Suffolke here be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highneſſe perſon:
They ſay by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,
They ſay by him they feare the ruine of the Realme,
And therefore if you loue your ſubiects weale,
They wiſh you to baniſh him from forth the land.
Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht hindes
Would ſend ſuch meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cryes, an anſwere from the King my Lord of Salsbury.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My ſelfe had done it. Therefore heere I ſweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salsbury*

Qu.

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Qu. Oh *Henry*, reuerſe the doome of gentle Suffolkes baniſhment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he ſhall not reſt,
If I ſay, I may relent, but if I ſweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of Cypreſſe trees.
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hiſſe.
And boding ſcritch-owles make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell.

Qu. Enough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy ſelfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Queene.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhalt finde thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venter to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Away I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilſt thou ſtandeſt heere.

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter Vawſe.

Queene. How now, whither goes *Vawſe* ſo faſt?

Vawſe. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt,
And whiſpers to his Pillow as to him,
And ſometimes he cals to ſpeake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

Queene. Go then good *Vawſe* and certifie the King.

Exit Vawſe.

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men muſt die,
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilſt thou art heere?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou ſure muſt die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,
VVhat were it elſe, but like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breathe my ſoule into the ayre,
as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,
VVhere from my ſight I ſhould be raging madde,
and call for thee to cloſe mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to ſtop my dying ſoule,
That I might breathe it ſo into thy body,

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And then it liu'd in ſweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieaſt,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
Queene. Oh might'ſt thou ſtay with ſafety of thy life,
Then ſhould'ſt thou ſtay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.
Suff. I goe.
Queene. And take my heart with thee.
She kiſſeth him.
Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulſt caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we,
This way fall I to death. *Exit Suffolke.*
Queene. This way for me. *Exit Queene.*

Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is diſcouered in his bed, raging and ſtaring as if he were mad.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'le giue thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another Iſland.
King. Oh, ſee my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Chriſt muſt ſaue thy ſoule.
Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the poyſon which the Pothicary ſent me.
Oh, ſee where Duke *Humfries* ghoſt doth ſtand,
And ſtares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
King. Lord Cardinall, if thou dieſt aſſured of heauenly bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand and make ſome ſigne to vs. *Car. dies.*
Oh ſee he dyes, and makes no ſigne at all,
Oh God forgiue his ſoule.
Sal. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, ſo was his life in all.

King

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and ſee his funerals perform'd.
Exit omnes.

Alarmes within, and the Chambers bee diſcharged, like as it were a fight at ſea. And then enter the Captaine of the ſhip, and the Maſter, and the Maſters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke diſguiſed, and others with him, & Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſcorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with ſpeed, and ſincke their ſhip,
Here Maſter, this priſoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maſters mate ſhall haue,
And *Water Whickmore* thou ſhalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſſe.
Suffolke. Water! *He ſtarteth.*
Water. How now, what doſt feare me?
Thou ſhalt haue better cauſe anon.
Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy ſelfe.
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,
That by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly ſounded,
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.
Walter. Gualter or Water, al's one to me,
I am the man muſt bring thee to thy death.
Suff. I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,
Ranſome me at what thou wilt, it ſhall be paid.
Walter. I loſt mine eye in boording of the ſhip,
And therefore ere I Merchant-like ſell blood for gold,
Then caſt me headlong downe into the ſea.
2. *Priſon.* But what ſhall our ranſomes be?
Mai. A hundred pounds a peece, eyther pay that or dye.
2. *Priſon.* Then ſaue our liues, it ſhall be paide.
Water. Come ſirra, thy life ſhall be the ranſome I wil haue.
Suff. Stay villaine, thy priſoner is a Prince,

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The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suff. I ſir, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke, *Ioue* ſometime went diſguiſde, and why not I?

Cap. I, but *Ioue* was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be.

Suff. Baſe Iady groome, King *Henr.es* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Cannot be ſhed by ſuch a lowly ſwaine,
I am ſent ambaſſador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waſſe me croſſe the channell ſafe.

Cap. Ile waſſe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates ſide, chop off his head.

Suff. Thou dar'ſt not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes *Pole.*

Suffolke. Pole.

Cap. I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, ſinke and durt,
Ile ſtop that yawning mouth of thine,
Thoſe lips of thine that ſo oft haue kiſt the
Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground, and thou that
Smild'ſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorſe in me.

Cap. I but my deeds ſhall ſtay thy fury ſoone.

Suffolke. Haſt not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Haſt not thou kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,
and thought thee happy when I ſmilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then ſhall I charme thee, hold thy lauiſh tongue.

Cap. Away with him *Water*, I ſay, and off with his head.

1. *Priſon.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

Suff. Firſt let this necke ſtoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead
To ſuch a Iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him ſpeake?
I long to haue his head for ranſome of mine eye.

Suff. A Swordar and Bandetto ſlaue
Murthered ſweete Tully.
Brutus baſtard hand ſtabd Iulius Cæſar,
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the ſeas.

Exit Suffolke and Water.

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the Queene,
And ranſomleſſe this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets go. *Exit omnes.*

Enter two of the Rebels with long ſtaues.

George. Come away Nicke, and put a long ſtaffe in thy pike, & prouide thy ſelfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two dayes.

Nicke. Then they had more neede to go to bed now,
But ſirra George, what's the matter?

George, Why ſirra, Iack Cade the Dier of Aſhford heere,
He meanes to turne this land, and ſet a new nap on't.

Nicke. I marry he had need ſo, for tis growne thred-bare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, ſince theſe Gentlemen came vp.

George. I warrant thee thou ſhalt neuer ſee a Lord weare a leather apron now a-daies.

Nicke. But ſirra, who comes elſe beſide Iacke Cade?

George. Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould haue your Parnill, & a great fort more is come from Rocheſter, and from Maidſtone & Canterbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we muſt be al Lords or Squires, aſſoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry, and the reſt with long ſtaues.

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Cade. Proclaime ſilence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade, ſo named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.

Cade. My father, was a Mortimer.

Dicke. He was an honeſt man, and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother came of the Lacies.

Nicke. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & ſold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She waſheth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, becauſe his father had no other houſe but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue ſeene him whipt two market dayes togither.

Cade. I feare neither ſword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the ſword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But methinkes he ſhould feare the fire, being ſo often burnt in the hand, for ſtealing of ſheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes reformation: you ſhall haue ſeuen halfepeny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot ſhall haue ten hoopes, and it ſhalbe felony to drinke ſmall beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you ſhall all eate and drinke of my ſcore, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the ſcore and the Tally, and there ſhall be no lawes but ſuch as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee ſhall haue ſore lawes then, for he was thruſt into the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and ſtinking law too, for his breath ſtinkes ſo, that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and caſt account,

account, I tooke him ſetting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.
Now ſir, what's your name?

Clarke. Emanuell ſir, and it ſhall pleaſe ye.

Dicke. It will go hard with you I tell ye,
For they vſe to write that ore the top of Letters.

Cade. What do ye vſe to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vſe the ſcore and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay truly ſir, I praiſe God I haue bene ſo wel broght vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confeſt, go hang him with his pen and inke-horne about his necke. *Exit one with the Clarke.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, ſir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?

Tom. No, no, he's but a Knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, Ile make my ſelfe Knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Riſe vp ſir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

He knights him.

Riſe vp ſir Dicke Butcher. Now ſound vp the drum.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaues, I paſſe not a pin,
Tis to you good people that I ſpeake:

Staf. Why Country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his Father was a brick-layer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Staf. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

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Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. I, but I ſay tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifye it.

Cade. But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes playde at ſpan-counter with French Crownes, I am content that he ſhall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monſtrous ſimplicity.

Cade. And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Anioy* and *Mayne*, and ſelling the Townes in France: by which means England hath bene maim'd euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

Staf. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not? And then can he that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect? Anſwere me to that.

Staf. Well ſirra, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he wil pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,

Shall haue free pardon from his Maieſty.

Exit Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come ſirs, S. George for vs and Kent. *Exit omnes.*

Alarmes to the battell, where ſir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both ſlaine. Then enters Iacke Cade againe, and the reſt.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haſt fought to day moſt valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadſt bin in thy ſlaughter-houſe, and thus I will reward thee: The Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it was, and thou ſhalt haue licenſe to kil for fourſcore and one a weeke. Drum ſtrike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to ſit in the Kings ſeat at Weſtminſter. *Exit omnes*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say, with others.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London.
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their Generall.
Yet ſtay, Ile reade the Letter once againe;
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſolemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam, ſtill lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou woldſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke,
And haue almoſt wonne the Bridge,
Calling your Grace an vſurper:
And that monſtrous Rebell Cade, hath ſworne
To crowne himſelfe King in Weſtminſter,
Therefore flye my Lord, and poſt to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

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Come Madame, let vs haſte to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.
Say. My innocence my Lord ſhall pleade for me,
And therefore with your highneſſe leaue, Ile ſtay behind.
King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:
Come Madam, let vs go. *Exit omnes*

Enter the Lord Skayles vpon the Tower walles walking.

L. Skayles. How now, is Iacke Cade ſlaine?
1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Lord Ska. Such aide as I can ſpare, you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither will I ſend you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence againe.
Exit omnes.

Enter Iacke Cade, and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſword vpon London ſtone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,
And now ſitting vpon London ſtone, We command,
That the firſt yeare of our reigne,
The piſſing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now henceforward, it ſhall bee treaſon
For any that calles me any otherwiſe then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a ſouldier.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.
Cade. Zounds knocke him downe. *They kil him*
Dicke. My Lord,

Ther's

Ther's an Army gathered together into Smithfield.
Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them,
But firſt go on and ſet London-bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come let's away. *Exit omnes*

Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is ſlaine, and all the reſt with him. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and his company.

Cade. So ſirs, now go and pull downe the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.
Dick. I haue a ſute vnto your Lordſhip.
Cade. Be it a Lordſhip Dicke, and thou ſhalt haue it
For that word.
Dicke. That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vſed but the ſcore and Tally.
Cade. Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforward all things ſhall be in common,
And in Cheapſide ſhall my palphrey go to graſſe.
Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe parchment ſhould be made, & then with a little blotting ouer with inke, a man ſhould vndo himſelfe.
Some ſaies tis the bees that ſting, but I ſay tis their waxe, for I am ſure I neuer ſeal'd to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince.
Nick. But when ſhall we take vp thoſe commodities
Which you told vs of.
Cade. Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall take vp theſe commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a ſmocke. *Enter George.*
Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which ſold the Townes in France.
Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou Buckrum Lord, What anſwer canſt thou make vnto my mightineſſe, for deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounſier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

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And more then ſo, thou haſt moſt traitorouſly erected a Grammar ſchoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and againſt the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou haſt built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee ſaide to thy face, that thou keep'ſt men in thy houſe that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe; and ſuch abhominable words as no Chriſtian eare is able to endure it.

And beſides all this, thou haſt appointed certaine Iuſtices of the Peace, in euery ſhire, to hang honeſt men that ſteal for their liuing, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hung them vp: onely for which cauſe, they were moſt worthy to liue.
Thou rideſt on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I ſay, thou oughteſt not to let thy horſe weare a cloake, when an honeſter man then thy ſelfe, goes in his hoſe & doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, zounds what's that?

Dicke. He ſpeakes French.

Will. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis Outalian, I know it well enough.

Say. Kent (in the Commentaries Cæſar wrote)
Term'd it the ciuilſt place of all this Land:
Then Noble Country-men heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, nor loſt I Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

Say. It is the palſie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou noddſt thy head at vs, as who wouldſt ſay,
Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getſt away:
But ile make thee ſure enough now I haue thee.
Go take him to the ſtandard in Cheape-ſide, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to ſir Iames Cromer his ſon in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. Away with him.

Exit one or two with the Lord Say.

There

There ſhall not a Nobleman weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall pay me tribute for it.
Nor there ſhall not a maide be married, but he ſhall ſee to mee for her.
Mayden-head or elſe, Ile haue it my ſelfe:
Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in *capite,*
And that their wiues ſhall be as free as heart can think, or toong can tell.

Enter Robin.

Rob. O Captaine, London-bridge is a fire.

Cad. Runne to Billingſgate, and fetch Pitch and Flaxe, and quench it.

Enter Dicke and a Sargeant.

Sargeant. Iuſtice, iuſtice, I pray you ſir, let me haue iuſtice of this fellow heere.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alas ſir he has rauiſht my wife.

Dick. Why my Lord he would haue reſted me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper houſe.

Cade. Dicke follow thy ſute in her common place.
Your horſon villaine, you are a Sergeant, you'l
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence:
And reſt a man when he is at dinner,
And haue him to priſon ere the meate be out on's mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exit with the Sargeant.

Enter two with the Lord Sayes head, and ſir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them kiſſe together.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland.

Clif. Why Countrey-men, and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes theſe mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muſter thus your ſelues;

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Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your Soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell heere?
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then haſt to France that our fore-fathers won,
And win againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forſake Cade

Cade. Why how now, wil you forſake your general,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your neckes vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraight way hang you vp.
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They run to Cade againe.

Clif. Braue warlike friends, heare me but ſpeake,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you:
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you
To Winſore Caſtle, whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this raſcall company
Blowne euery way?
But that they may ſee there wants no valiancy in me,
My ſtaffe ſhall make way through the midſt of you,
And ſo a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his ſtaffe,
and then flies away.

Buc. Go ſome and make after him, and proclaime,
That thoſe that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exit om.*

Enter

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerſet.

King. Lord Sommerſet, what newes heare you of the Rebell Cade?

Som. This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to death, and the City is almoſt ſackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, ſo muſt it be:
And be as he pleaſe, to ſtop the pride of thoſe rebellious men.

Qu. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene ſuppreſt ere this,
And all the reſt that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Rebels, with halters about their neckes.

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King:
Loe heere my Lord, theſe Rebels are ſubdude,
And offer their liues before your highneſſe feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

Clif. No my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are ſent forth, that he that can but bring his head ſhall haue a thouſand crownes. But may it pleaſe your Maieſty to pardon theſe their faults, that by theſe traitors means were thus miſled.

King. Stand vp you ſimple men, and giue God praiſe,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as ſubiects, and you ſhall not want,
Whilſt Henry liues, and weares the Engliſh Crowne.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

King. Come let vs haſt to London now with ſpeede,
That ſolemne proceſſions may be ſung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victorie. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleaſant is this country life,
This little land my father left me heere,
With my contented minde, ſerues me as well,
As all the pleaſures in the Court can yeeld.

Nor-

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Nor would I change this pleaſure for the Court.

Cade. Zounds, heere's the Lord of the ſoyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thouſand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goeſt, ile make thee eate yron like an Eſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why ſawcy companion, why ſhould I betray thee? Iſt not enough that thou haſt broke my hedges,
And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beſt blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Eyden. Nay, it ſhall neuer be ſaid whilſt the world ſtands,
That *Alexander Eyden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate with a famiſht man.
Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine,
And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand
Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
And ſtand you all aſide.

Cade. Now ſword, if thou doſt not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightſt fall into ſome Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

They fight, and Cade fals downe.

Cade. Oh Villaine, thou haſt ſlaine the flower of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thouſand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And ſo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt dye. *He dyes.*

Eyden. Iacke Cade: And was this that monſtrous rebel which I haue ſlaine?
Oh ſword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age,
For this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.

Yorke. In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of Buckingham,

But ſoft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him?

Buck. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee ſo.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſweare:
What, comes thou in loue, or as a Meſſenger?

Buck. I come as a Meſſenger frō our dread Lord & ſoueraigne,
Henry. To know the reaſon of theſe armes in peace:
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approch ſo neare with colours ſpread,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A ſubiect as he is!
Oh how I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect tearmes,
But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humfrey Duke of *Buckingham*, pardon me,
That I anſwer'd not at firſt, my minde was troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous rebell *Cade*,
And heaue proud Somerſet from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

Buck. Why that was preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwiſe then ſo,
The King doth pardon thee, and granſt to thy requeſt,
And Somerſet is ſent vnto the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buck. *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I heere diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint *Georges* fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

Exit Soldiors.

Buck. Come *Yorke*, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter

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Enter King Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buck. He is my Lord, and hath diſcharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of Somerſet from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome couſin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traiterous Iriſh that rebeld.

Enter Maſter Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere preſent the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.

King. Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your Grace,
A poore Eſquire of Kent.

King. Then riſe vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For thoſe that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou ſhalt waite vpon the perſon of the King.

Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my King.

Exit.

Enter

Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerſet.

King. O Buckingham, ſee where Somerſet comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till *Yorke* be gone.

Queen. He ſhall not hide himſelfe for feare of *Yorke*,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Who's that, proud Somerſet at liberty?
Baſe fearefull *Henry* that thus diſhonor'ſt me,
By heauen, thou ſhalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors preſence here,
Nor will I ſubiect be to ſuch a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Reſigne thy Crowne proud Lancaſter to me,
That thou vſurped haſt ſo long by force,
For now is *Yorke* reſolu'd to claime his owne,
And riſe aloft into faire Englands Throne.

Somer. Proud traitor, I areſt thee on high treaſon,
Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falſe *Yorke*,
For heere I ſweare thou ſhalt vnto the Tower,
For theſe proud words which thou haſt giuen the King.

King. Thou art deceiu'd, my ſonnes ſhall be my baile,
And ſend thee there in deſpight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call *Clifford* hither preſently.

Enter the Duke of Yorkes ſonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiors: & at the other doore, enter Clifford and his ſonne, with Drumme and Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and ſpeakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and ſoueraigne King.

Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didſt miſtake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way miſtake, this is my King.
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus
To leuie armes againſt his lawfull King.

Clif. Why doth not your grace ſend him to the Tower?

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Queene. He is arreſted, but will not obey,
His ſonnes he ſaith, ſhall be his baile.
Yorke. How ſay you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will ſerue.
Richard. And if our words will not, our ſwords ſhall.
Yorke. Call hither to the ſtake, my two rough Beares.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.

Cliff. Are theſe thy Beares? wee'l baite them ſoone,
Deſpight of thee, and all the friends thou haſt.
War. You had beſt go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempeſt of the field.
Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſhould badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils creſt,
The rampant Beare chaind to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar ſhowes,
That keepes his leaues in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Deſpight the beare-ward that protects him ſo.
Yong Clif. And ſo renowned Soueraigne to armes,
To quell theſe Traitors and their complices.
Richard. Fie, Charity for ſhame, ſpeake it not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſus Chriſt to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canſt not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell.

Exit omnes. *Alarmes*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of Somerſet and Richard fighting, and Richard kils him vnder the ſigne of the Caſtle in S. Albones.

Rich. So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,
What's heere, the ſigne of the Caſtle?
Then the Propheſie is come to paſſe,
For Somerſet was fore-warnd of Caſtles,
The which he alwayes did obſerue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-houſe ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albones*,
Somerſet hath made the Wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

Alarmes againe, and enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.

Warwick. Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke cals,
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the beare,
Now whilſt the angry Trumpets ſound alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire:
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Clifford ſpeakes within.

Clif. Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelax, throgh the fainting troops to finde thee out.
Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and ſtir not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horſe?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horſe he lou'd ſo well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.

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Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.

Hold *Warwicke*, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this Deare to death.

War. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſailde.

Exit Warwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, ſince we are ſingled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Cliffrd. And heere I ſtand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir, till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoild the hatefull houſe of *Yorke*.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.

Yorke. Now *Lancaſter* ſit ſure, thy ſinewes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Yorke*.

Exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.

Yong Clifford. Father of Cumberland,
VVhere I may ſeeke my aged Father forth?
Oh diſmall ſight, ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murdred ghoſt I ſweare
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuendge thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old *Ankiſes* ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greekes,
Euen ſo will I. But ſtay, heer's one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

Enter

Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with him, and Richard flies away againe.

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my ſight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

Exit yong Clifford with his Father.

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, and flye to London ſtraight,
Make haſt, for vengeance comes along with them:
Come, ſtand not to expoſtulate, let's go.

King. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haſt,
And ſummon vp a Parliament with ſpeede,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dyre euents.

Exit King and Queene.

Alarmes, and then a flouriſh, and enter the Duke of Yorke, Edward, and Richard.

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did vſurpe our rights.
But did you ſee old Salsbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſſe of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My Lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him vp againe,
And ſtill he fought with courage gainſt his foes,
The boldeſt ſpirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter

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Enter Salisbury and Warwicke.

Edward. See noble Father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the houſe of *Yorke.*
Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of *Yorkes* encreaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haſt preſeru'd my life.
Yorke. VVhat ſay you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.
VVhat ſaies Lord *Warwicke*, ſhall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Yorke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

The Second Part.

Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the *good King Henrie the* Sixt.

¶ Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of Norfolke, Marqueſſe Mountague, Edward Earle of March, then Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum and ſouldiers, with white Roſes in their hats.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands.
Yorke. Whilſt we purſu'd the horſemen of the North,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt
Brake in, and were by th'hands of common ſouldiers ſlaine.
Edward. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerouſly,

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I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
York. Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
York. Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.

King.

King. Looke Lordings where the ſturdy Rebell ſits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that falſe Peere)
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father,
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his ſonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.
North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in ſteele.
Weſt. What? ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot ſpeake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Weſtmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for Pultroones, ſuch as he;
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs aſſaile the family of Yorke.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken Coſen, be it ſo.
King. O know you not the Citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of ſouldiers at their becke.
Exet. But when the Duke is ſlaine, theyl quickly flye.
King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,
To make a ſhambles of the Parlament houſe:
Coſen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke, deſcend my Throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.
Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping Henry.
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall King.
War. True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And ſhall I ſtand while thou ſitſt in my Throne?
Yorke. Content thy ſelfe, it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
War. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.

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Weſt. Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintaine.
War. And *Warwicke* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chac'd you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.
North. No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his ſoule, thou and thy houſe ſhall rew it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, leaſt in reuenge thereof,
I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
Yorke. Will ye we ſhew our Title to the Crowne,
Or elſe our ſwords ſhall pleade it in the field?
King. What Title haſt thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.
I am the ſonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin ſtoope, and ſeiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.
War. Talke not of France ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you loſe:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honour'ſt armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Yorke. Peace ſonnes.
North. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeek'ſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally deſcent?

Suppoſe by right and equity thou be King:
Thinkſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly ſeate,
Wherein my Father, and my Grandſire ſate?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my Realme,
I and our Colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our hearts great ſorrow)
Shall be my winding ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
King. Why *Henry* the fourth by conqueſt got the Crowne.
Yorke. 'Twas by rebellion gainſt his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake,
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*
The ſecond, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe heire my Father was, and I am his.
Yorke. I tell thee he roſe againſt him being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne the Crowne perforce.
War. Suppoſe my Lord he did it vnconſtrain'd,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not ſo reſigne the Crowne,
But that the next heyre muſt ſucceede and reigne.
King. Art thou againſt vs Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claime thou laiſt,
Thinke not King *Henry* ſhall be thus depoſde.
War. Depoſd he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.
Nor. Tuſh *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:
Tis not thy Southerne powers of Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke,
And Kent, that makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clif. King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and ſwallow me aliue,

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Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
Yorke. Henry of Lancaſter reſigne thy Crowne.
What mutter you? Or what conſpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
Enter Soldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with thy vſurping blood.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake:
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.
Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
King. Conuey the ſouldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your ſon?
War. VVhat good is this for England and himſelfe?
North. Baſe, fearfull, and deſpairing Henry.
Clif. How haſt thou wronged both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Clif. Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene. *Exit.*
North. Be thou a prey vnto the houſe of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede. *Exit*
Clif. In dreadfull war mayſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and deſpiſd. *Exit.*
Exet. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my Lord.
King. Ah Exeter?
War. VVhy ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
King. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my ſonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,
That heere thou take an oath,
To ceaſe theſe ciuill broyles, and whilſt I liue
To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War.

War. Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace him.
King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward ſonnes.
Yorke. Now Yorke and Lancaſter are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes.
Sound Trumpets.
Yorke. My Lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Caſtle.
Exit Yorke with his ſonnes.
War. And ile keepe London with my ſouldiors. *Exit.*
Norf. And ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. and I to the ſea from whence I came. *Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.
Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile ſteale away.
King. And ſo will I.
Queene. Nay ſtay, or elſe Ile follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile ſtay.
Queen. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
and giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*.
art thou a King, and wilt be forc'ſt to yeeld?
Had I bene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow ſeas: and think'ſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament
Be recald, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*.
The Northerne Lords that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread,
and ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come ſonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me ſpeake.
Qu. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already, therefore be ſtill.
King. Gentle ſonne *Edward*, wilt thou ſtay with me?
Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies. *Exit.*

Prince.

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Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her ſon
Makes her in furie thus to forget her ſelfe.
Reuenged may ſhe be on that accurſed Duke.
Come Coſen of Exeter, ſtay thou heere,
For Clifford and thoſe Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?
Rich. No Father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.
Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall reigne in quiet till his death.
Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your Grace the way to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe King *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.
Rich. Then thus my Lord.
An Oath is of no moment,
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate.
Henry is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your Grace ſtands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.
Yorke. I, ſaiſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou Coſen *Montague* ſhalt to Norfolke ſtraight,

And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſoldiours,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently,
And *Richard*, thou to London ſtraight ſhalt poſte,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*,
To leaue the Citty, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at S. *Albones* ten dayes hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* Caſtle will prouide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, the Queene with thirty thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Weſtmerland*,
With others of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.
Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.
Yorke. A Gods name let them come.
Couſin *Montague*, poſte you hence.
And boyes ſtay you with me.
Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The army of the Queene meanes to beſiedge vs.
Sir Iohn. She ſhall not neede my Lord,
Wee'l meete her in the field.
Yorke. What, with fiue thouſand ſoludiors, Vnckle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's Generall, what ſhould you feare?
York. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one, and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtle,
And flye to *Wakefield* ſtraight.

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Enter Clifford,

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head; oh ſaue his life.

Cliff. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ore his prey,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart,
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.

Clif. I, ſuch pitty as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut.

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
and when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe? Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy ſonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes, enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poſte to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt, thou houſe of Lancaſter,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my ſonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowe by life or death:
Three times this day came *Richard* to my ſight,
and cried courage, Father: victory or death.
and twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to ſaue my life? and heere I ſtay:
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiours.

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clif. I, to ſuch mercy as his ruthfull arme

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With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
Yorke. My aſhes like the *Phœnix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So deſperate theeues, all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that ſlanderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe very looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland.*
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.
Fight and take him.
Clif. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcoke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunny ſtruggle with the net.
Yorke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queene. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-ſtretched arme,

And parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a prechment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſſe of ſonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or mongſt the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prethee grieue to make me merry, Yorke:
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
VVhat, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldſt be feede I ſee, to make me ſport.
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke, and Lords bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heyre.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd ſo ſoone, and broke his holy oath,
As I bethinke me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
and will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,
and rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
and whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.

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Clif. That's my office for my fathers death.
Queene. Yet ſtay, and lets heare the Oriſons he makes.
Yorke. She wolfe of France, but worſe then wolues of France;
Whoſe tongue's more poiſon'd then the Adders tooth,
How ill beſeeming is it in thy ſexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is viſard-like vnchanging,
Made impudent by vſe of euill deeds;
I would aſſay, proud Queene to make thee bluſh,
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
T'were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, were thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Cisiles*, and *Ieruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verifide;
That beggers mounted, run their horſe to death.
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;
But God he wots, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
Tis gouernment that makes them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them ſeeme diuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;
How couldſt thou draine the life blood of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will.
Wouldſt haue me weepe? why ſo, thou haſt thy wiſh.
For raging windes blow vp a ſtorme of teares,

and

And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French-woman.
North. Beſhrew me but his paſſions moue me ſo,
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtain'd with bloud;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe *Queene*, a hapleſſe fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in blood of my ſweete boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boaſt of that,
And if thou tell the ſtory well,
Vpon my ſoule the hearers will ſhed teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
and ſay, alaſſe, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curſe,
and in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.
Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My ſoule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin ſlaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him, to ſee
How inward anger gripes his hart.
Qu. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.
Cliff. There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.
Queen. And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.
Yorke. Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,
My ſoule flies foorth to meete with thee.
Queene. Off with his head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of *Yorke*.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter.

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Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiours.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lyon midſt a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the Ayre.

Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious ſunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſunnes, not ſeparated by a racking cloud
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining sky.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowd ſome league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou that look'ſt ſo heauily?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine.

Edw. Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Meſ. VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then purſude by *Clifford* and the Queene,
and many ſouldiors moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc'ſt the Duke to yeeld,

And then they ſet him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpite,
VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of ſweet young *Rutland*,
By rough Clifford ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloody ſwords,
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the pitteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules Palace is become a priſon.
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white Roſe be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing gainſt the Sunne,
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome ſay,
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and ſouldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, ſhould we report the balefull newes,
And at each words deliuerance, ſtab Ponyards in our fleſh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguiſh then the wounds.

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Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord Clifford, done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes ſince then befalne.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings as ſwiftly as the poſt could runne,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſoldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.
For by my ſcouts I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our ſouldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſmote their friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of hye pay, and great rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſte haſt, are come to ioyne with you.
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt, Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With aide of ſouldiers 'gainſt this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſuite,
But nere till now thy ſcandall of retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandall Richard doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his fiſt,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildeneſſe, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of ſteele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.
He ſware conſent to your ſucceſſion,

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His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power I geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a Sunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts braue Lords.
Let's march away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northerne Earles, with drumme and Souldiours.

Queen, Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,
That ſought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eye my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that fear their wracke.
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much lenity
And harmefull pitty muſt be layde aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle lookes?
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles his young before his face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foote vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their brood.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while hee knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a moſt vnnaturall Father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feede their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings,
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climbes vnto their Neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident.

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Were it not pitty that this goodly boy,
Should loſe his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, ſay vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happy euer was it for that ſonne,
VVhoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then may the preſent profite counteruaile.
Ah coſin Yorke, would thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pitty makes your followers faint.
You promiſd Knight-hood to your Princely ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and ſtraight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

North. VVhy that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fifty thouſand men,

Comes

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the Townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.

Clif. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. Good Father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet Father cry S. *George.*

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heyre by his conſent.

George, Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King
(Though he do weare the Crowne)
Haue cauſd him by new acte of Parliament,
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.

Clif. And reaſon George:
Who ſhould ſucceede the father, but the ſon?

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any of your ſort.

Rich. T'was you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. VVhat ſaiſt thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you ſpeake?
VVhen you and I met at Saint Albons laſt,

You,

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Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỹ could make yee ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with engliſh gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be cald the ſea;
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crownes,
To make that ſhameleſſe callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'ſt thy poore ſire with his bridall day:
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſhowre for him,
Which waſht his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt ſeditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou bene meeke, our title yet had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claime vntill another age.
George. But when we ſaw our ſummer brought thee gaine,
And that the harueſt brought vs no increaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping roote,
And though the edge haue ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou we will neuer ceaſe to ſtrike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound trumpers, let our bloudy colours waue,
And either victory, or elſe a graue.
Queene. Stay *Edward*, ſtay.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer ſtay,
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand liues to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes.

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Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Sore ſpent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For ſtrokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And force perforce, needs muſt I reſt my ſelfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we may die vnleſſe we gaine the day:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of Yorkes true houſe?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Leaſt they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why haſt thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt throngs,
Cride ſtill for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant ſonne,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottring ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe, becauſe I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field,

Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my ſoule to thee,
Thou ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we loſe the day.

George. Then let vs haſte to cheere the ſouldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will ſtand to vs,
And highly promiſe to remunerate
Their truſty ſeruice, in theſe dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
Warwicke, farewell.

War. Away, away, once more ſweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore, and Clifford at the other.

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford.*

Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard.*

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirſty ſword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou haſt made.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtab'd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

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Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and reſcues Richard, and then exeunt omnes.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter Henry ſolus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes.
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This wofull battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to day,
May be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to finde them if I can.
But ſtay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight.
From London was I preſt out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another ſoldiour with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſt.
But ſtay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

Oh monſtrous times, begetting ſuch euents,
How cruell, bloudy, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too ſoone.

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whil'ſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambes do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The red Roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes.
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.

1. *Soul.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be ſatisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſonne,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?

King. How will the people now miſdeeme their King,
Oh would my death their mindes could ſatisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer ſonne ſo rude, his fathers blood to ſpill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vnnaturall, his ſonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greeued and vexed ſtill?

1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
For woe is me to ſee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,

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Take horſe ſweet father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay ſtand not to expoſtulate, make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
Ah Lancaſter, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſummer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the ſunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I and ten thouſand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootleſſe are plaints, and cureleſſe are my wounds,
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercileſſe and will not pitty me,
And at their hands I haue deſerude no pitty.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the reſt,

I ſtab'd your fathers, now come ſplit my breaſt.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiors.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Courſe, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes purſue the bloudy minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwick* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape,
Eor though before his face I ſpeake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.

Rich. Reuerſe that doome of mercy, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there:
Inſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall Scritchowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.

War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.

Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eager words

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.

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Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whil'ſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pitty thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt, Ile ſee the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo as himſelfe pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.

War. Tuſh, that's a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard, be Duke of *Gloſter*: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtands vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way.
But ſtay, heere comes a man, lets liſten him a while.

Enter King Henry diſguiſed.

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde to greete my natiue Land.
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Caſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right.
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marry ſir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra ſtand cloſe, for as I thinke,
This is the King, King *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My Queene and Sonne, poore ſoules are gone to *France*,
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtle Oratour.
He laughes, and ſaies his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſaies her *Henry* is depoſde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left ſide, crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?
Hen. More then I ſeeme, for leſſe I ſhould not be.
A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou were a King thy ſelfe.
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde, though not in ſhew?
Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

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Hen. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head,
My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that
Kings do ſildome times enioy.

Keeper. And if thou be a King crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the Officer, for as we thinke,
You are our quondam King, King *Edward* hath depoſde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kings name be
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and ile obey.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and the Lady Grey.

K.Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloſter*,
This Ladies husband here, Sir *Richard Grey*,
At the battaile of S. *Albones* did loſe his life,
His lands then were ſeiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did loſe his life,
In honour we cannot denie her ſute.

Glo. Your highneſſe ſhall do well to grant it then.

K.Edw. I, ſo I will, but yet Ile make a pauſe.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence. I ſee the Lady hath ſome thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſute.

Glo. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K.Edw. Widow, come ſome other time to know our mind.

La. May it pleaſe your Grace, I cannot brooke delaies,
I beſeech your highneſſe to diſpatch me now.

K.Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes wit.

Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.

K.Ed. Come hither widow, how many children haſt thou?

Cla.

Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.

Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.

La. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.

Glo. You ſhall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.

K.Ed. Wer't not pitty they ſhould loſe their fathers lands?

La. Be pittifull then dread Lord, and grant it them.

K.Edw. Ile tell thee how theſe lands are to be got.

La. So ſhall you binde me to your highneſſe ſeruice.

K.Edw. What ſeruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?

La. Euen what your highneſſe ſhall command.

Glo. Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight cloſe, or in good faith
You catch a clap.

Cla. Nay I feare her not vnleſſe ſhe fall.

Glo. Marry godsforbot man, for hee'l take vantage then.

La. Why ſtops my Lord, ſhall I not know my taske?

K.Edw. An eaſie taske, tis but to loue a King.

La. That's ſoone performd, becauſe I am a ſubiect.

K.Ed. Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.

La. I take my leaue with many thouſand thanks.

Cla. The match is made, ſhe ſeales it with a curtſie.

K.Edw. Stay widdow ſtay, what loue doſt thou thinke
I ſue ſo much to get?

La. My humble ſeruice, ſuch as ſubiects owes, and the lawes
commands.

K.Edw. No by my troth, I meant no ſuch loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in priſon.

K.Ed. Why then thou canſt not get thy husbands lands.

La. Then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower,
For by that loſſe I will not purchaſe them.

K.Edw. Herein thou wrongſt thy children mightily.

La. Herein your highneſſe wrongs both them and
Me, but mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe of my ſute.
Pleaſe it your highneſſe to diſmiſſe me, either with I or no.

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K.Edw. I, if thou ſay I to my requeſt,
No, if thou ſay no to my demand.
Lady. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest wooer in Chriſtendome.
K.Edw. Her lookes are all repleate with maieſty,
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my Queene.
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.
Lady. Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, I ſpeake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.
Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K.Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſons ſhold call you father.
K.Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer, 'twas for ſhift.
K.Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If I ſhould marry her.
Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?
K.Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extremes.
K.Edw. Well, leaſt on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken, and brought as priſoner to your Pallace gates.
K.Edw. Away with him, and ſend him to the Tower,
And lets go queſtion with the man abont
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and vſe
This Lady honourably.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Gloſter, and ſpeakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vſe women honorably,
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no iſſue might ſucceed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,
And his ſonne, and all they looke for iſſue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my ſelfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies lap,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I ſhould not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where ſits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered ſhrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall ſize,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twenty crownes.
Tut I can ſmile, and murder when I ſmile,
I cry content, to that which greeues me moſt.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,

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And for a need change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpiring *Catalin* to ſchoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome Queene *Margaret*, to the Court of France,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue aide to repoſſeſſe thy right,
and beate proud Edward from his vſurped ſeate,
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And pray the God of heauen to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefeſt friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy *Edward*, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfained loue,
Firſt to do greetings to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And laſtly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.
Qu. And if this go forward, all our hope is done.
War. And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene.

Queene. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere Warwicke or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wrongs.
War. Iniurious *Margaret*.
Prince Edw. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then ſhe is Queene.
Ox. Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn of Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn of Gaunt*, wiſe *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the world.
and after this wiſe Prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *France*,
From theſe our *Henry* is lineally deſcent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this ſmoothe diſcourſe,
You told not how *Henry* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Methinkes theſe Peeres of *France* ſhould ſmile at that,
But for the reſt, you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeares, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why Warwicke, canſt thou deny thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?
War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke*, no, whil'ſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
War. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
K. Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford, vouchſafe to forbeare a while,

Till

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Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.
Lewis. What, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lewis. What, is his loue to our Siſter *Bona*?
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay and ſweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties ſunne,
Exempt from enuy, but not from diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lew. Then ſiſter let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your grant or deniall ſhall be mine,
But ere this day I muſt confeſſe, when I
Haue heard your Kings deſerts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the Engliſh King.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the Engliſh King.
War. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his eaſe,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe,
And as for you your ſelfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your ſtate,
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poſte within.

Lewis. Heere comes ſome Poſte *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.
Poſte. My Lord ambaſſador, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marqueſſe *Montague*.
This from our King, vnto your Maieſty.
And theſe to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtreſſe,

Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.
P. Ed. And marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were netled.
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, what are your newes?
Queen. Mine is ſuch, as fils my heart with ioy.
War. Mine, full of ſorrow and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What, hath your King married the Lady Gray.
And now to excuſe himſelfe, ſends vs a poſte of papers?
How dares he preſume to vſe vs thus?
Qu. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwickes* honeſty.
War. King Lewis, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of Edwards.
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
And moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of Yorke,
My father came to an vntimely death?
Did I let paſſe the abuſe done to thy Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
And thruſt King *Henry* from his natiue home?
And (moſt vngratefull) doth he vſe me thus?
My gracious Queene, pardon what is paſt,
And henceforth I am thy true ſeruitor:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Q. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride ſhall ſuccour him.
Lew. Then at the laſt I firmly am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue aide: and Engliſh meſſenger, returne
In poſt, and tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

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Bona. Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower ſhortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Meſ.*
Lewis. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what aſſurance
I ſhall haue of thy true loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.
Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her ſonne *Edward*, ſhe is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie ſoldiors for to goe with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waft them ſafely to the Engliſh coaſt,
And chaſe proud *Edward* from his ſlumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre ſhall anſwere his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I ſhall turne his ieſt to ſorrow.
I was the cheefe that raiſde him to the Crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and Penbrooke, with ſoldiors.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloſter,

What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are ſo ſlacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this ſudden marriage.
Edw. Suppoſe they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.
And will be obeyed.
Glo. And ſhall, becauſe our King, but yet ſuch
Sudden marriages ſildome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother *Richard*, are you againſt vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainſay your highneſſe pleaſure,
I, and twere pitty to ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.
Edw. Setting your skornes and your diſlikes aſide,
Shew me ſome reaſons why the Lady *Grey*,
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,
Montague, and *Haſtings*.
Cla. My Lord, then this is mine opinion,
That *Warwicke* being diſhonored in his Embaſſage,
Doth ſeeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.
Glo. And *Lewis* in regard of his ſiſters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to ſupplant your ſtate.
Ed. Suppoſe that Lewis and Warwicke be appeaſde,
By ſuch meanes as I can beſt deuiſe.
Mont. But yet to haue ioynd with France in this
Alliance, would more haue ſtrengthened this our
Common-wealth, gainſt forraine ſtormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.
Haſt. Let England be true within it ſelfe,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one ſpeech, Lord Haſtings well deſerues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Edw. And what then? it was our will it ſhould be ſo,
Cla. I, and for ſuch a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deſerue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your

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Brothers to go ſeeke elſe-where, but in your madneſſe
You bury brother-hood.
Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you playde the broker ſo ill for your ſelfe,
That ye ſhall giue me leaue to make my choiſe
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full reſolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.
Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you muſt confeſſe, before it pleaſd his highneſſe
To aduance my ſtate to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obey, nay ſhall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, here is the Meſſenger return'd from France.

Enter Meſſenger.

Ed. Now ſirra, what letters? Or what newes?
Meſ. No Letters my Lord,
And ſuch Newes, as without your highneſſe pardon,
I dare not relate.
Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canſt) tell me,
What ſaide Lewis to our Letters?
Meſ. At my departure theſe were his very wordes.
Go tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſayde Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?
Meſ. Tell him, quoth ſhe, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his ſake.
Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed ſhe could ſay little leſſe. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene,

For as I heare, ſhe was then in place?
Meſ. Tell him quoth ſhe, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.
Ed. Then belike ſhe meanes to play the Amazon.
But what ſaide *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Meſ. He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, durſt the Traitor breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Meſ. I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwickes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerſet.

Ed. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* fled to *Warwicke*,
What ſay you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?
Glo. I my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
But that I ſhould be valiant and ſtand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away,
Edw. Penbrooke, go raiſe an army preſently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You aboue all the reſt are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.
Mont. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he fauours Edwards cauſe,
Edw. It ſhall ſuffice, Come then let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

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Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.

War. Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his Tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.
War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me King.
War, I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my Embaſſage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being King,

And

And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alaſſe, how ſhould you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to vſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſhroud your ſelfe from enemies.
Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worſt,
Edward in minde will beare himſelfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbiſhop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* ſaies,
And ſo for a while farwell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exit ſome with Edward.

Cla. What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with ſpeed to ioyne with vs.
War. I that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
And free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in his Regall Throne.
Come lets haſte away, and hauing paſt theſe cares,
Ile poſte to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Edward* fares. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter, Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanly*,
Know that the cauſe I ſent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a ſlender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forreſt heere.
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in the chaſe,
Now I haue priuily ſent him word,
How I am come with you to reſcue him,
and ſee where the huntſman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntſman.

Huntſ. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

Edw.

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Edw. No this way huntſman,
See where the Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horſe ſtands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and ſo take ſhipping into Flanders:
Ed. Come then. *Haſtings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may repoſſeſſe the Crowne.
Now huntſman, what will you do?
Huntſ. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.
Edw. Come then lets away with ſpeed. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace ſo paſſionate of late?
Qu. Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe King *Edward* had of late?
Riuers. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwick*:
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Ri. What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I ther's my greefe, King Edward is ſurpriz'd,
And led away as priſoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceyue,
That ſome will ſet him in his Throne againe.
Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,

King

King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to Englands crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Haſtings, with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

Maior. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cauſe we ſtand vpon our guard,
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue the Towne.
Henry now is king, and we are ſworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.
Haſt. Why my Lord Maior, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
Maior. Say you ſo, then Ile open them preſently.
Exit Maior.
Rich. By my faith, a wiſe ſtout captaine, and ſoone perſwaded

The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maior, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes:
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, deſpight of all your foes.

Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and ſoldiors.

How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Montgommery*,
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?

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Sir Iohn. To helpe King *Edward* in this time of ſtormes,
As euery loyall ſubiect ought to do.
Edw. Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it pleaſe God ro ſend the reſt.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum ſtrike vp and let vs
March away, I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay ſtay ſir *Iohn*, and let vs firſt debate,
With what ſecurity we may do this thing.
Sir Iohn. What ſtand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you preſently proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to ſuccour you, why ſhould we fight,
When you pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, ſtand you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. I am reſolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England and France*, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whoſoeuer gainſaies King *Edwards* right, by this I challenge him to ſingle fight. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.
For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as early as the morning ſunne,
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horiſon,
Wee'l march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henry* from the Regall throne.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then King Henry, Oxford, Somerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King.

King. Thus from the priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.
Clarence and *Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the remnant of my daies,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my Creators praiſe.
War. What anſweres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henry* likes.
King. My Lord of Somerſet, what pretty boy
Is that you ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Som. If it pleaſe your grace, it is young *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond.*
King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretty Lad.
If heauenly powers do aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shalt proue this Countries bliſſe.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleate with Maieſty,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he ſhall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.

War. What counſell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is paſt in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards London,
And many giddy headed people follow him.
Oxf. Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

 And

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And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſterſhire,
Buckingham and Northamptonſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries, muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel ſweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'ſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our courſe,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poſte that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellow?

Oxf. poſte. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſte that came from *Montague*?

Poſte. I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing ſonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the ſurlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid ſpight, is ſpotfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,

That

That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be ſorry for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the king.
Or did he make the leaſt againſt his will.

War. 'Twas Warwicke gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for ſo a great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his ſubiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alaſſe, that *Warwicke* had no more foreſight,
But whilſt he ſought to ſteale the ſingle ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the Biſhops pallace,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis euen ſo, and yet you are old *Warwicke* ſtill.

War. O cheerefull colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and ſouldiors.

Ox. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*. *Exit.*

Ed. The gates are open, ſee, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the ſtreetes.

Glo. No, ſo ſome other might ſet vpon our backes,
Wee'l ſtay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerſet, with Drum and ſoldiors.

Som. *Somerſet, Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter*. *Exit.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Haue ſolde their liues vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if my ſword hold.

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Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiors.

Mont. *Montague, Montague,* for *Lancaſter.* *Exit.*

Edw. Traiterous *Montague,* thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiors.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. *Clarence, Clarence,* for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. *Et tu Brute,* wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too?
A parlie ſirra, to *George of Clarence.*

Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whiſpers together, and then Clarence takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick

War. Come *Clarence,* come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers houſe,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the ſtones together)
And ſet vp Lancaſter. Thinkeſt thou,
That Clarence is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life,
And ſo proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward,* for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconſtant,

Edw. Welcome *Clarence,* and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh paſſing traitor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. Now *Warwicke,* wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or ſhall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,

And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, Saint *George* and victory.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the rampant Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* ſpreading tree,
The wrinckles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kingly ſepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?
Loe now my glory ſmeard in duſt and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me, and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Oxf. Ah *Warwicke, Warwicke,* cheere vp thy ſelfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from *France,*
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightſt thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to ods,
For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,

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And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And ſay, Commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue ſpoke, and more he ſaide,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſht for the ſound,
And ſo the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.
He dyes.
Oxf. Come Noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreate be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be forewarn'd, and ſaue themſelues by flight.
That done, with them weell poſte vnto the Queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.
Exit ambo.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with Soldiers.

Edw. Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames;
I meane thoſe pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Somerſet are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertiſde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their courſe towardes Tewksbury:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way:

And in euery Country as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengths ſhall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we ſlacke this bright ſummers day,
Sharpe winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerſet, with Drum and Soldiers.

Queene. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Somerſet*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our ſailes abroad,
and though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
and *Warwicke* as our maine Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raiſe you that ſturdie poſte,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt,
and *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heeretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need entice another,
and ſo withdraw the ſoldiours hearts from vs.
I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preaſe in the thickeſt throngs,
and ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guard,
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my body as witneſſe of my thoughts,
Oxf. Women and children of ſo high reſolue,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiſt thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

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Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.
Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainsay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:
Henry our King is prisoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.
All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death. *Exit Som.*
Edw. Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,

Which Traitor thou wouldst haue me answer to.
Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.
Glo. That you might still haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue stolne the breech from Lancaster.
Prin. Let *Æsop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.
Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this scolding Crooke-backe rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.
Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.
Edw. Take that, thou likenesse of this railer here. *Stabs him.*
Qu. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marry and shall.
Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Ed. What doth she swound?
Make meanes for her recouery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.
Exit Gloster.

Qu. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy:
Ah, thou canst not speake.
Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,
They that stab'd *Cæsar* shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their fury on a childe.
What's worse then Tyrant that I may not name?

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You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
Edw. Away, and beare her hence.
Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Queene. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.
Edw. Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.
Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*
Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?
Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?
Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen.

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall buſh,
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?
That taught his ſonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore ſonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our courſe,
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſunne that ſearde his wings,
And thou the enuieſt gulfe that ſwallowed him.
Oh better can my breaſt abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragicke hiſtory.
Glo. Why doſt thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for his preſumption.
Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonne of mine,
And thus I propheſie of thee.
That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water ſtanding eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curſe the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle ſhrikt at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The night Crow cride, aboding luckleſſe tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempeſts ſhooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in diſmall diſcord ſung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigeſt created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of ſuch a goodly tree,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt borne,
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the world,
And if the reſt be true that I haue heard,

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Thou cam'ſt into the world *Stabs him*
Glo. Die prophet in thy ſpeech, ile heare no more,
For this amongſt the reſt was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *He dyes.*
Glo. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
Now may ſuch purple teares alwayes be ſhed,
For ſuch as ſeeke the downfall of our houſe. *Stab him agen.*
Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither:
I, that haue neither pitty, loue, nor feare.
Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legges forward.
And had I not reaſon thinke you to make haſt,
And ſeeke their ruines that vſurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth:
And ſo I was indeede. Which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle and bite, and play the Dogge.
Then, ſince heauen hath made my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my minde to anſwer it.
I had no Father, I am like no Father;
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *Loue*, which gray-beards terme Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Propheſies,
Vnder pretence of outward ſeeming ill,
As Edward ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his ſonne are gone,
And *Clarence* thou art next muſt follow them,
So by one and one diſpatching all the reſt,

Coun-

Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile drag thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurſe with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and others.

Edw. Once more we ſit in Englands throne,
Repurchaſt with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, three-fold renownd
For hardy and vndoubted Champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere ſpurd their Courſers at the trumpets ſound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mortague*,
That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we ſwept ſuſpition from our ſeat,
And made our footſtoole of ſecurity.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles and my ſelfe,
Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,
Marcht all afoot, in ſummers ſcalding heate,
That thou mightſt repoſſeſſe the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blaſt his harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordaind ſo thicke to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and thou ſhalt execute.
Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloſter,
Pray loue my louely Queene,
And kiſſe your Princely Nephew, both.
Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I ſeale vpon the roſiate lips of this ſweete Babe.

Queene.

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Queene. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.
To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Edw. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Cla. What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her father, to the King of France
Hath pawnd the *Cicels* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for a ransome.
Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France,
And now what rests, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell to sowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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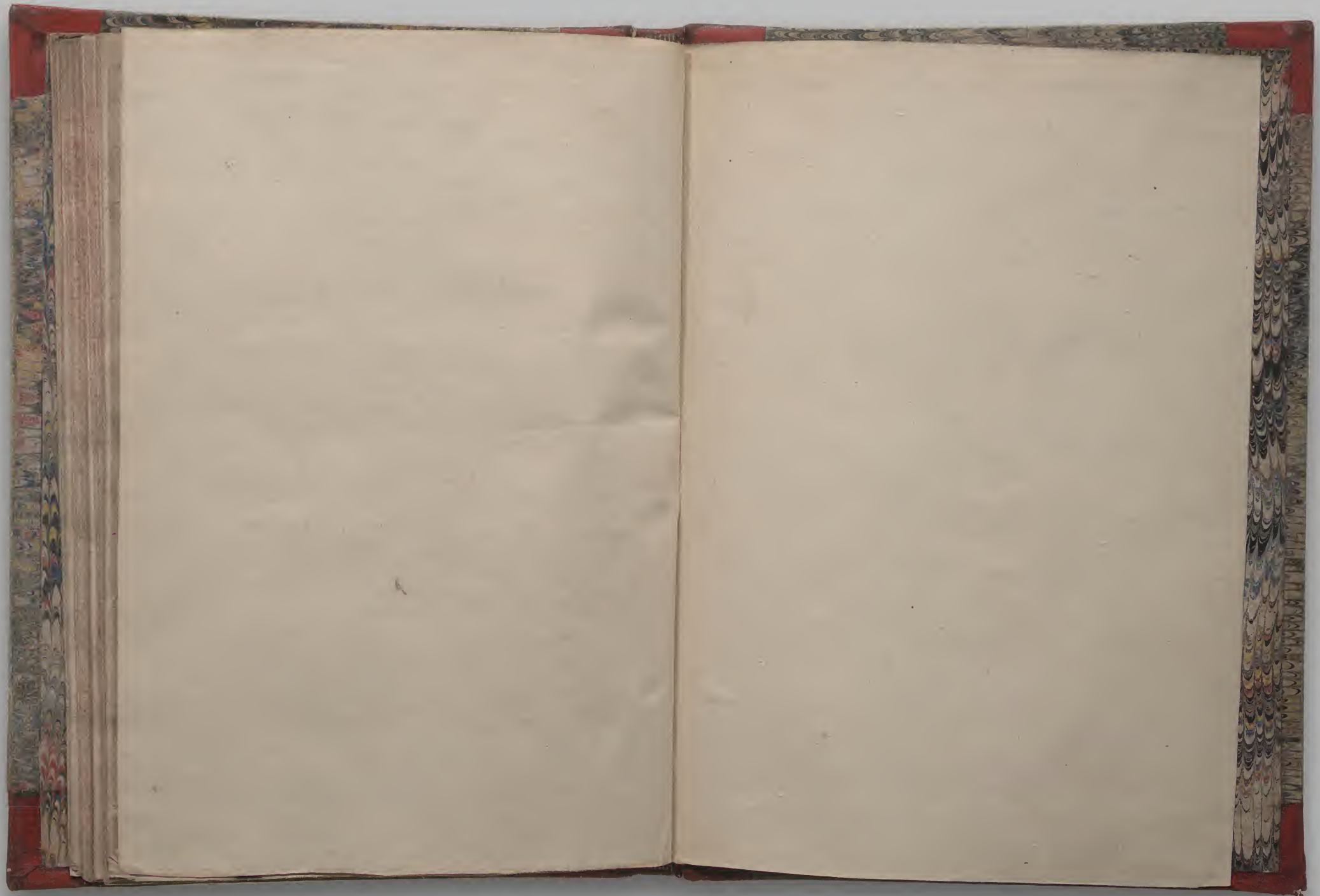

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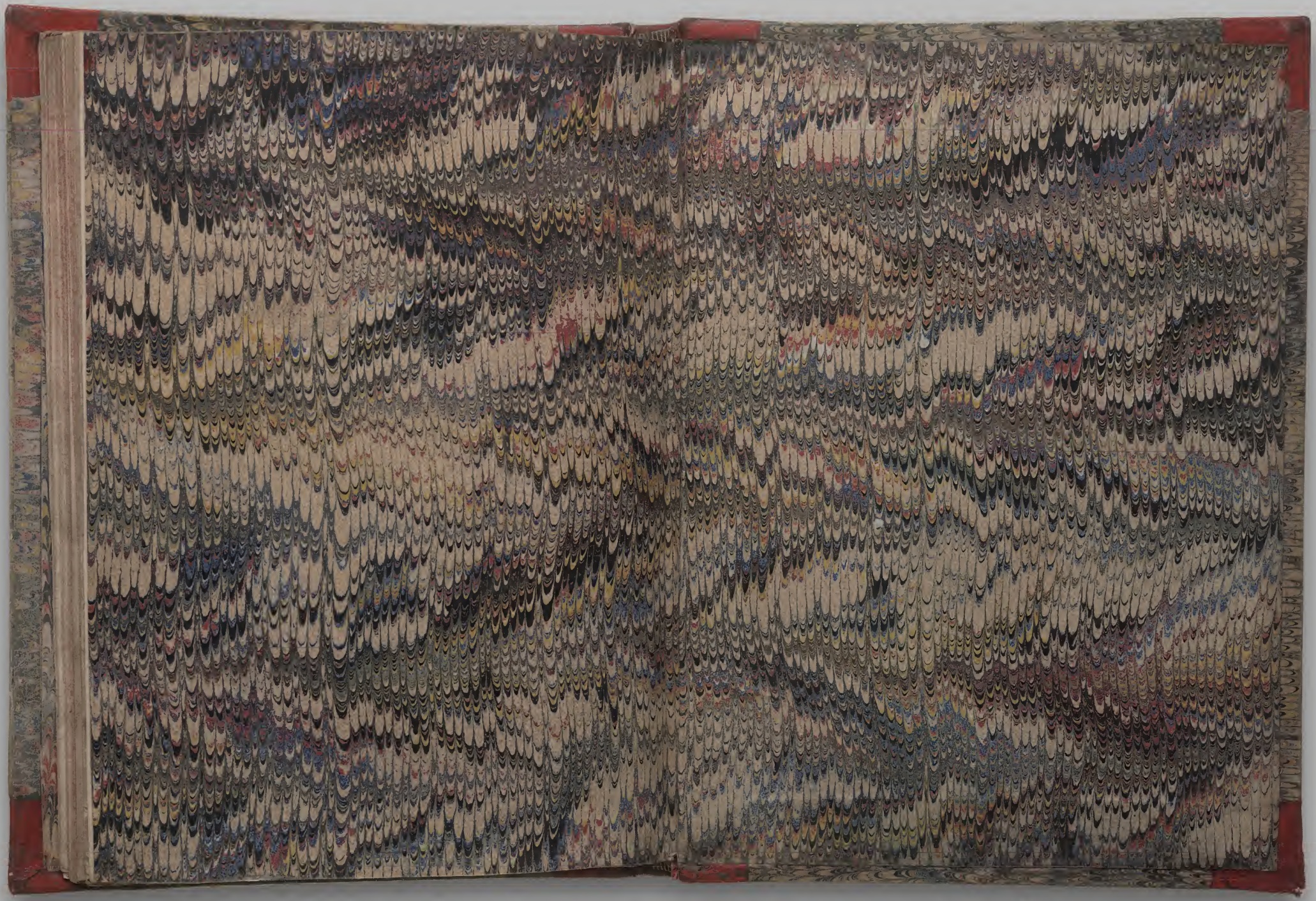

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